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# Providence Independent, V. 15, Thursday, October 10, 1889, [Whole Number: 746]

Providence Independent

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Persistent in the Right; Fearless in Opposing Wrong.

VOLUME 15.

COLLEGEVILLE, PENN'A. OCTOBER 10, 1889.

WHOLE NUMBER, 746

## MILTON DANFORTH.

THE STORY OF A DREAM AND ITS FULFILLMENT.

BY LE ROY G. DAVIS.

Milton Danforth sat in a great arm chair in his library trying to interest himself in a volume of recent poems which he had purchased that day, thinking that he might find something in it to divert his mind from the unpleasant thoughts which for some time past had constantly kept him company. Try as he would, however, he could not force his mind into new channels of thought. The wrinkles in his forehead grew deeper and deeper. Disgusted at his failure, he closed his eyes and went over the events of his past life again and again, trying to find some reason why fate had denied him the happiness he craved. At last, throwing the book on the table at his side he rose and walked restlessly across the room to a little mahogany cabinet, and taking out a photograph which was set in a neat little pocket case, he looked at the smiling pictured face earnestly and long, then, with a deep sigh, he went to the fire place and dropped the treasure into the glowing flames, muttering as he did so:

"It is better so. Time will not heal the wound and to keep such a reminder would only aggravate it."

"No," he continued, pacing the room in his excitement, "I cannot understand why fate has decreed me so little real happiness while it has showered upon me what men commonly surrender almost every good thing to obtain!"

"Is this the way a man should feel on the eve of his wedding? Oh! how shall I hide my aching heart from my wife all the years to come? I do not love her now, and I know I never shall. The sweet face of her sister will always come between us to taunt me with my foolish love and still more foolish marriage. I could not keep her from my mind even in the presence of my first wife, how then can I hope to do more with a second? O, that I were out of it all—out of myself!"

Again his mind reverted to the past. Five years ago, he thought, I was married to as good a woman as ever lived; but I did not love her, for then as now I loved Gertrude Maybury with all my heart and soul. Three years after our marriage my wife died. I do not think she ever knew—but what a living lie! And how immeasurably harder it would have been had I not been convinced that I was doing it to save her life.

What evil genius has been shaping my destiny that I should become entangled in a second alliance in the very presence of the woman I love and be utterly unable to win her or to resist the influence which is soon to place her forever beyond my reach? It is as if I were being carried along by the resistless current of a mighty river so swiftly that it is impossible for me to turn to the right or left, with certain destruction staring me in the face.

Oh! Gertrude, Gertrude, you are as far beyond my reach as the stars. To-morrow I am to become the husband of your sister Bertha; and henceforth be compelled to wear a mask of pleasant smiles. Why did I attempt to forget by engaging myself to Bertha when I knew, or should have known as well then as now, that I never can forget I was beside myself, frenzied, mad, anything but in my right mind!

With an exclamation of despair he threw himself face downward on the sofa.

It was long past midnight and Mr. Danforth had spent less than three hours out of the previous thirty-six in bed. It was no wonder, therefore, that with his mind so exhausted by constant worry he soon fell into a troubled sleep. At first he felt himself borne, against his will, by some invisible power up the steep side of a mountain, the summit of which stretched far above the clouds. Over cliffs and precipices and huge boulders he was carried by his mysterious captor, expecting every moment to be dashed against towering cliffs in front or into the bottomless chasms beneath. Finding that he was powerless to escape, he ceased to struggle and became passive in the hands of his captor. After what seemed to him almost an age, he found himself upon the summit of the mountain, looking down the opposite side from the one which he had ascended. It was almost perpendicular. Far below him was a thick shroud of mist enveloping

the base of the mountain. As far down as he could see, sharp pieces of rock jutted out from the face of the cliff; and he knew that if he stepped over the brink he would be mangled beyond all human resemblance before he had fallen a hundred feet.

He was given but a few seconds to contemplate his impending fate, when his captor again seized him. This time not to lift him up and bear him safely over the place of danger as heretofore, but to push him slowly, relentlessly, nearer to the awful death which awaited him on the rocks below. He tried to cry out, but no sound escaped his lips. He struggled fiercely to free himself, but his limbs seemed to be pinioned as tightly as if they had grown fast together. After a time he resigned himself to the inevitable and sent up a silent prayer to his maker for mercy. The next instant he was toppling over the edge of the precipice. His captor had left him, but freedom was of little use to him now, and after one desperate, but unsuccessful effort to gain his balance, he closed his eyes, expecting to open them in eternity. At that moment a hand, gently, but firmly, grasped his arm and drew him back to the rock upon which he had been standing. Turning quickly to see who had rescued him, he beheld the beautiful form of his angel wife. She was changed beyond expression, yet every feature was as easily recognized as when she was in the flesh. There was no sign of trouble or sorrow about her, no sign of disease, but to perfect physical form and feature was added that heavenly grace which "passeth understanding." The light of the old love was in her eye, unmingled with regret or reproach. Her general appearance and the expression of her features indicated a condition superior to Danforth's fondest imagination of heavenly life. As he saw her now, the embodiment of happiness and contentment, he felt a satisfaction greater than he had ever before experienced in the efforts he had made to secure her earthly happiness.

"I will henceforth," he mentally resolved, "consider those few years of married life the best spent of all my earthly existence."

With a graceful gesture his heavenly visitor bade him follow her. Taking another way, which soon left the mountain far behind, they traversed quiet lanes and green pastures where the tinkling of little sheep bells, mingled with the music of running brooks, recalled to Danforth's mind the rural scenes of his early childhood and made him wish that he could return again in fact, as well as fancy, and be always a boy. But they were going with the speed of the wind, and these pleasant scenes soon faded and they found themselves within the limits of the city. On and on they went, over Danforth's home, over the business streets till they came to the Maybury mansion. Here at the lighted window in the second story they stopped.

"Look," she whispered as she caused the curtain on the inside to move quietly upward.

He obeyed without question and saw on the opposite side of the room a figure reclining on a bed in an attitude of deep dejection. Soon the figure rose, and, with quickening pulse Danforth recognized Gertrude Maybury. She was pale and sad, and her inflamed face and eyes showed that she had been weeping bitterly. Advancing to a table near the light she drew a photograph from her bosom, regarded it wistfully for a moment and then, kissing it passionately, she tore it into bits and dropped them into the waste basket.

The curtain noiselessly resumed its place and Milton Danforth turned to his guide.

"What does it mean?" he asked in a puzzled, anxious tone.

"You are blind," was the reply. "She loves the man who, to-morrow is to become her sister's husband."

The revelation was so sudden, so unexpected and carried such an endless flood of happiness into his hungry soul that he awoke with a start which nearly cost him his life. He was not in his own room, nor could he at first tell where he was. By degrees he became aware that he was in the open air and that he was hanging from the limb of a tree. The limb which he was grasping desperately with both hands, was swaying to and fro and creaking threateningly. As he looked around for some means of escape from his perilous position, he saw light streaming from the window a few feet above his head. He could see that the curtain was raised

several inches; but he was too far below the lighted space to look into the room. The limb to which he was clinging brushed against the building making a sharp grating noise which evidently attracted the attention of the occupant of the room, for the curtain was immediately drawn down. Suddenly a dog began barking furiously in the yard below, and for the first time it flashed across Danforth's mind that he had been walking in his sleep, and had found his way into the great elm tree opposite Gertrude Maybury's window. He could understand, now, how his sudden awakening had caused him to lose his balance and grasp for support the first thing that came within his reach.

But the limb was growing weaker at every vibration. He reached out his feet in every direction, but found nothing capable of holding his weight. Then he tried to gain the trunk of the tree by passing hand over hand along the limb. His first effort, however, was the hair on the camel's back. With a crash that awoke the echoes, his support gave way and the unfortunate somnambulist fell to the ground. His last thought after the limb broke was of the humiliating position he would be in if he were discovered, then his head struck a lower branch with such force as to render him insensible.

When Danforth again awoke to consciousness, he found himself in bed, in a strange room. Feeling a stinging sensation in his forehead, he tried to raise his right hand to examine it, but his arm would not move. It was broken. Succeeding better with his left hand, he found his head tightly bandaged.

"Where am I and what is the matter?" he asked as a woman came to the bed, to adjust the covers.

"You have been sick nearly three weeks," replied the nurse, "and you are at Mr. Maybury's. But you must be quiet. They wouldn't have you excite yourself now for the world. Take a good rest, then you will be able to talk a little."

Thus enjoined he held his peace and soon fell asleep. From that on his improvement was rapid. Had he been a member of the family the Mayburys could not have been more interested in his recovery. One morning he tried to explain to Mr. Maybury his presence in the yard on the night of the accident, but that gentleman, with a good natured twinkle in his eye, replied:

"No need of an explanation, Danforth. You explained all in your delirium. I didn't know you were a somnambulist. But you were in luck that time if you did come very near breaking your neck. After you are married Gertrude will have to tie a string to your nights to keep you in doors."

"Why do you say Gertrude?" asked Danforth, his now pale face turning scarlet.

"Oh! that's all arranged," returned the old gentleman, smiling and rubbing his hands. "Bertha is glad to be released. You may have suspected that the wind had changed to another quarter. So our timely discovery of your love for Gertrude makes it possible for all of you to be happy."

"What!" interrupted the sick man, "does Gertrude love me after all?"

"Indeed, she does. Your dream or vision, or whatever it may be called, so far as it related to her was perfectly true. But if she finds it out she will never forgive me for telling you. I watched with you a good deal during the first three weeks of your sickness and heard the whole story, dream and all. So I took the liberty to learn how the girls felt about it. I have said this to you so there may be no more misunderstandings. You will not let them know, of course."

"Indeed, I will not, and may God bless you, Mr. Maybury. You have made me the happiest man in the universe."

## THE TWO COWARDS.

I was a coward! We were both cowards!

So spoke our old law-tutor, Moses Drake. And thus he continued:

We had graduated from Harvard—Laban Adams and myself—and had commenced the practice of law. We were neither of us married, though we both were anticipating that event.

We had a case in court—a case of trespass. Adams was for the plaintiff, and I for the defendant. It was a weak, foolish complaint, and Adams

should not have taken it up. It was clearly a case of extortion. The plaintiff held a rod over the back of the defendant in the shape of a bit of knowledge concerning a private misstep of a former time; and the present complaint was only a seeming legal way in which that other power was to be used for the purpose of opening the poor man's purse. At the trial I exposed the trick, and obtained a ruling out, by the court, of a lot of scandal which Adams had planned to introduce as testimony. Of course I was severe, and as my opponent had entered upon a very bad case, my strictures cut home. I gained the verdict for my client, and people laughed at the foiled plaintiff, and spoke lightly of his lawyer.

Thus it commenced. Adams could not forgive me for the chagrin I had caused him. He laid it up against me, and talked openly about being revenged. This was on the first of August. A month afterwards we met at a party where the gentlemen drank wine. Late in the evening Adams and I met, and a third person made some remarks upon the old trial, whereupon a fourth person laughed, and said that I had done a great thing. At this Adams flushed and made an impudent reply. The reply was addressed to me, and I answered it. The two outsiders laughed at the hit I made, and Adams said something more severe than before. I replied to him. He deliberately told me that I was a liar!

I had been drinking wine, and my blood was heated. As that harsh, hard cowardly word fell upon my ear, my passion overcame me. I struck Laban Adams in the face, and knocked him back against the wall. It was a cowardly thing for me to strike him there, in that company, but I was too much excited to reflect. I expected that Adams would strike back, but he did not. I was stronger than he, though this consideration may not have influenced him. His friends drew him away, and I went out into the open air. As soon as the cool breeze fanned my brow, I was sorry for what I had done, but it was too late to help the matter. I might have gone to Adams, and asked him to overlook the wrong I had done him, but I had not the courage for that.

On the following morning a friend, named Watkins, called upon me, and presented a note from Laban Adams. I opened it, and found it to be a challenge. I was requested to give satisfaction for the blow I had struck. If I was a gentleman I would do so. If I was willing, I might designate the time and place, and select the weapons.

What should I do?

What I ought to do was very plain. The lessons of life which my fond mother had taught me did not leave me in doubt. I ought to have gone to Adams and made such offer of conciliation as one gentleman may honorably make to another; and if he had rejected that, I could have simply turned from him and refused to do a further wrong to right the wrong already done. But I had not the courage to do that. I was a coward. I feared that my friends would laugh at me, and the especial friends of Adams would point at me the finger of scorn.

So, in the cowardice of my heart, I thought I would be brave before the world, and I accepted the challenge.

"The sooner it is over the better," remarked Watkins. And with this sentiment I agreed.

"Certainly," I replied. "Let it be on this very day, at sunset; upon the river's bank, directly beneath the White-Heart Ledge. I will send a friend to you to make the further arrangements."

"And the weapons?"

"Pistols."

And so it was fixed.

An hour afterward I found John Price, a young physician, who agreed to act as my second. He did not urge me to abandon the idea, nor did he enter upon the work as though he loved it, but he did it because he fancied that I was determined; and in case of accident his professional service might be of value.

I knew that Adams was a good shot; and he knew that I was the same, for we had practiced much together, so there was no advantage to either party in the weapons.

After dinner Price came to me, and told me that all was arranged. Everything had been fixed as I had planned, and Adams and his second would be on

the appointed ground at the appointed hour.

After Price had gone I sat down and wrote two letters. What a coward I was to write them. One was to my mother, and the other to the gentle being who promised to be my wife. As I sit now and think of that hour I shudder with horror—the hour when I wrote to my mother and to my betrothed. What was I about to do? To rob them of all earthly joy forever. And for what? Aye, for what? Because I had not the courage to be a bold, frank man; to obey my God and the laws of my country. It was to bow before a wicked spirit—to offer my blood to folly and my hand to murder.

White-Heart Ledge was a high, perpendicular wall of granite rising above the river, the top crowned with dark spruce trees. It received its name from a peculiar mark, where a mass of white quartz appeared, half way up the ledge in the form of a heart.

Late in the afternoon I was upon the sandy shore beneath the ledge; and almost at the same time, Laban Adams made his appearance. We were both anxious to be thought brave men. He did not speak to me, nor did I speak to him. Our seconds conferred awhile together, and then Price came to my side.

"Must this thing go on?" he asked. I told him I did not know how it could be stopped. I lied, for I did know.

He informed me that if I would make the least overture of peace he felt sure that Adams would accept it.

"I think," he said, "that Adams is sorry for what has happened. You struck him and he cannot retract."

"And he called me a liar."

"I know he did, and I know that he did wrong. In fact, there was wrong upon both sides. Offer him your hand and I think he will take it without a word of explanation."

No. I would not do it.

And why not? I wanted to do it. My heart urged me to do it. The spirit of my dear mother, speaking in those old lessons of love and blessing, urged me to do it. And another spirit, clothed in a younger, starker, urged me to do it. The law of the land urged me to do it.

And yet I would not. I was afraid that men would say I was a coward. O, what a precious coward I was.

"You are both good shots," added Price, "and if you fire together you may both fall."

But I dared not offer the hand of conciliation.

I told him I was ready.

He went back to Watkins, and pretty soon they measured off the ground—twelve paces.

We were to stand back to back those twelve paces apart. We were to turn at the word one; we were to raise our pistols at the word two; and at the word three we were to fire. I caught the eye of Laban Adams as I took my position, and I was sure that no angry passion dwelt therein. For an instant the impulse was with me to throw down my pistol and offer him my hand. I was sure that he would not refuse me. But I had not the courage to do it. I would rather do the deep, damning wrong, than do that simple, Christian act of love.

Our seconds hesitated, as though they saw what was passing in our thoughts; but we offered no word, and they proceeded. The word one was given. I cannot tell all the feelings that came crowding upon me at that moment. I stood face to face with my brother; in another moment we were to offer our hands to the infernal stain. I thought of my mother, in her distant home; I thought of the scenes of my childhood, bright and promising; I thought of my college days, when Laban Adams had been my friend and chum; I thought of the holy love which had beamed upon me since I had grown to man's estate; and I thought that in one short moment more, the black pall might cover it all.

Watkins was a long time in pronouncing the word Two. He evidently hoped that one of us would relent. But he hoped in vain.

Only a breath held back the last fatal word; but that word was never spoken. As we raised our pistols, a sharp, agonizing cry, as from a breaking heart, burst upon the air; and in another moment two slight shadows flitted upon the scene. I was a prisoner. Laban Adams was a prisoner. Our pistols lay undischarged, upon the sand.

The gentle maidens, who loved us better than we loved ourselves, and whose love had led them to deep anxiety in our behalf, had guessed our secret. Love has sharp eyes. Clara Wolcott knew Laban's hot temper when under strong excitement, and she had feared something of this kind from the first. She had only to whisper her suspicions to Mary, and two sleepless sentinels were upon us.

Those two warm spirits, with their cries and their tears, melted the ice crust, and our hearts found the surface.

"O, in God's name, be enemies no more!" implored Clara.

"By the love you bear us—by the memory of all you hold dear on earth, and all you hope to meet in heaven—cast forth the demon from your heart!" prayed Mary.

In an instant I resolved to be a man. With the arms of my beloved still circling me, I stretched forth my hand; but I was not in advance of Laban. As though one spirit had moved us, our hands met midway.

"I have been a fool," said Laban.

"And I have been both a fool and a coward," said I. "I was a coward because I dared not do right."

"Aye," cried Laban, "we have both been cowards!"

"And," I added, "had it not been for these blessed angels, we might have been something worse."

We returned from the dark ground just as the day was softening into twilight, and from that hour Laban Adams and myself were fast friends; and they who had saved us from the great crime entered upon the life-path with us, and have blessed us ever since.

## "Railroad Jack."

THE SCOTCH TERRIER TRAMP, WELL KNOWN TO ALL RAILROADERS.

When the morning train from Troy to Boston passed through North Adams Monday a Scotch terrier dog of rusty yellow color emerged from the baggage car and began leisurely to "do" so much of the town as is covered by the depot and adjacent yards. It was soon noticed about that this visitor was Railroad Jack, a dog with which railroad men all over New England and in many parts of the west have long been familiar. The dog has long been an extensive railroad traveler for a number of years, and has a history that would be decidedly interesting if it could be accurately written.

This remarkable dog first came to the notice of railroad men in Albany several years ago. He evinced a fondness for riding in baggage and express cars, and as this was something of a novelty to the train hands he was treated to frequent excursions from that city. By degrees the dog's love of travel was developed and broadened, and the time came when he was not content with the short trips he had previously enjoyed. Apparently realizing the truth of the saying, "Where there's a will there's a way," he extended his travels to more distant points, and to-day he can boast of having ridden over all the principal railroad lines in the eastern states and to have made at least one trip to San Francisco.

"Railroad Jack," as he was early named by the railroad men, is known throughout the country as a dog tramp and yet he sustains a dignity that will not permit him to take passage in a caboose. He is happy in a baggage or express car, and does not object to an occasional trip on an engine, but the bumping caboose he abhors as much as any of the human family, and will not ride in one except by force. He is well cared for and fed by the railroad men wherever he goes, and never abuses the hospitality extended by remaining too long in one place. The dog has been known to go from Albany to Boston on the Boston and Albany road; to leave the depot upon his arrival and afterwards present himself at the Fitchburg railroad depot in that city—a mile distant from the other—for passage back over the Fitchburg road. He has frequently been to New York, and is well known to the railroad men in that city and on the lines leading thereto.

Last March the Albany Kennel club wanted him for exhibition and had to send to Binghamton, N. Y., for him, as he happened to be holding forth in that vicinity. He was duly placed before the gaze of an admiring public, decked with a beautiful collar presented by the club and bearing the name of "Railroad Jack." This collar some

unprincipled wretch has had the impudence to steal, and the dog's only passport now is his good natured countenance and general knowledge of the world. He knows a railroad man instantly and will associate with no one else.

When Railroad Jack arrived in town Monday he had a chunk of coal in his mouth that he had brought from Albany. He clung to it for some time after his arrival, but dropped it before his departure, yet no one has been found superstitious enough to take this as an indication that coal is to come down in North Adams. The dog is said to be 7 years old, but his countenance—probably owing to his eventful life—would indicate that he is considerably older. His eyes have taken on that sedate and wise look that characterize the old dog, and he has the self possession and cool indifference of the very much traveled individual. He left North Adams with the best wishes of all the railroad men, in whose hearts there will ever be a warm corner for stutaptail Railroad Jack.—*North Adams Transcript.*

## The Romance of Wedded Life.

"James, dear, will you bring me up a hod of coal from the cellar?" said a busy wife.

"That's just the way with you," said James with a black frown, as he put down his book and rose up from the lounge.

"Just the way with me?"

"Yes," he snapped. "As soon as you see me enjoying myself, you have some chore or another for me to do. Didn't you see that I was absorbed in my reading?"

"Well, dear, I will do it myself."

"Yes," and tell everybody, your mother especially, that you have to carry your own coal up from the cellar. No, I will do it. Let me mark my place."

So he marked the place in the book at which he had ceased reading and when he went down to the cellar, grumbling all the way, she picked up the volume and found it was a love story and that the passage he had been absorbed in was as follows: "My darling, when you are my wife I will shield and protect you from every care, the winds of heaven shall not visit your face too roughly, those pretty hands shall never be soiled by menial tasks, your wish shall be my law, your happiness—"

Just then he reappeared, and dumping the hod on the floor, said: "There is your darned coal. Give me my book."

Is life worth living?—*Boston Courier.*

## Things a Woman Can Do.

LIST OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS PECULIAR TO MEMBERS OF THE FAIR SEX.

She can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble of reasoning upon it, and no sane man can do that.

Six of them can talk at once and get along first rate, and no two men can do that.

She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress while he is getting one under his thumb nail.

She is cool as a cucumber in half a dozen tight dresses and skirts, while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to the woman she hates, while two men would be punching each other's head before they had exchanged ten words.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a base ball pitcher.

She can say "no" in such a low voice that it means "yes."

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her and enjoy every minute time.

She can sharpen a lead pencil if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband seventy-five years after the marriage ceremony is performed.

She can walk half the night with a colicky baby in her arms without once expressing the desire of murdering the infant.

She can do more in one minute than a man can do in an hour, and do it better.

She can drive a man crazy in twenty-four hours and then bring him to paradise in two seconds by simply tickling him under the chin, and there does not live that mortal son of Adam's misery who can do it.



## Providence Independent.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., PA.

E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.

Thursday, October 10, 1889.

KNIGHT TEMPLARS, numbering 25,000, are making a stupendous show of themselves in Washington.

JAMES G. BLAINE is viewing the Tanner matter very calmly, and he can well afford to do so. Reckless extravagance and official babbling doesn't rest on his shoulders, this time. There is method in Blaine talking and Blaine silent.

WITH not altogether scriptural accuracy of statement the New York Herald scores a good point: "It is a great deal easier for a needle to go through the eye of a camel than for Mr. Blaine to extend our trade in South America without lowering the tariff."

THE Mayor of Philadelphia and Editor McClure of the Times seem to be suffering considerably from the effects of Schuyllkill "water on the brain." In some particulars the water exercises a more pernicious influence than megalomania.

THE result of the recent election on the prohibitory amendment in Connecticut is anything but gratifying to the friends of prohibition. The amendment was defeated by a heavy majority. Prohibition must be either wrong in principle, or else it is a measure far in advance of modern civilization. Which is it?

THE returns from the elections held in the new States last week are not as yet complete. The two Dakotas and Washington were carried by the Republicans, and Montana went Democratic on a narrow margin. The prominent significance of these elections, in a general sense, is that they settle the political complexion of the next Congress. The Republicans will now have 168 members, two more than a quorum and a majority of three. The admission of the new States will also add not less than thirteen votes to the Electoral College thus becoming important factors in the next Presidential election. State Constitutions having been adopted and State officers elected, the President, in accordance with the enabling act passed by the last Congress, will now issue his proclamation declaring North and South Dakota, Washington and Montana to be States and entitled to all the rights and privileges of other States in the Union.

### POLITICS.

Representatives of Democracy met in the large Rink building, Norristown, on Tuesday, and framed a county ticket, which will doubtless receive the almost undivided support of the voters of the party at the polls next month. The convention was well attended and much interest was manifested in the proceedings.

Isaac H. Fegley, of Pottstown, was nominated for Treasurer by acclamation; and in the same manner Henderson Supplee, of Upper Merion, was declared the nominee for Director of the Poor.

Only one ballot was necessary to complete the ticket. The candidates were: For Sheriff, Joseph C. Beyer, of Whitpain, and Clinton Rorer, of Cheltenham; District Attorney, Wm. F. Dannehower and Ephraim Slough, of Norristown; Coroner, H. B. Long, of Norristown, and John Murphy, of Gwynedd. The result of the ballot was the nomination of Dannehower, Rorer and Long, and the ticket was thus completed.

After the nominations were made D. Ogden Rogers, Esq., reported a series of resolutions in keeping with the general objects of the Democratic party. Some of the representatives of the other party present were inclined to accept Mr. Rogers' effort more as pyrotechnic display than as a dangerous political bomb. In reality, resolutions and party platitudes, no matter from what political source they emanate, are usually full of emptiness.

The Democratic county ticket is an unusually strong one, and represents an array of worthy political aspirants. The candidates are well distributed, geographically, and a brief survey of the field leads us to remark that the Democrats seem to have everything their own way, except a majority of votes. The majority hangs on the other side now, and it remains to be seen whether the line can be broken or not. The Democratic candidate for Treasurer will doubtless poll a very heavy vote in the upper end of the county.

THE Railroad Age has published the new railway statistics for the first nine months of the current year. These figures show that few long lines are in process of construction anywhere, but

that a unusual number of short lines are under way. In thirty-nine States and Territories 3,312 miles of new track have been laid upon 224 different lines, an average of a little less than 15 miles to each line. Georgia leads with 238 miles on 12 different lines; Washington comes next with 214 miles on 12 lines; Texas third with 179 miles on 8 lines; Virginia fourth with 176.5 miles on 10 lines; Tennessee fifth with 170 miles on 8 lines and Pennsylvania sixth with 151 miles on 15 lines.

### WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON D. C., Oct. 4, 1889.—The election of Mr. Blaine to the presidency of the Three America's Congress is warmly endorsed by President Harrison and his selection appears to please the foreign visitors, for if there is one man in the United States with whose career they are familiar that man is James G. Blaine. Here was a carefully laid plan to secure the position for William Henry Trescott, of South Carolina, though why any clique should ask the selection of a man of whose existence the great majority of his fellow countrymen are blissfully ignorant, is beyond conception. And yet this is always so. No sooner is a famous man named for an honor than all his enemies in his own party combine on some new Moses. The new Moses may have peacefully slept out a particularly long life keeping the flies off of himself in country courts but still his selection is insisted upon and his astonishing ability sworn to by a thousand good liars. Thus Mr. Trescott, of Balb Knob, S. C., was insisted upon as a candidate against James G. Blaine.

Hon. Henry G. Davis, who is one of the United States representatives in the Congress, says that he believes some valuable work will be accomplished. The majority of the visitors express an earnest disposition to promote better commercial relations with the United States. Many say that a large proportion of their trade that now goes to Europe should go to the United States. A few of the delegates on the other hand, while cordial and friendly are reticent as to the commercial opportunities. Mr. Davis adds that he is confident that United States interests will be substantially benefitted. All of the United States delegates will not make the excursion to the various industrial centers but it is proposed to have at least four or five representatives always with the party.

An awkward thing happened on the first day the head quarters of the Three America's Congress was opened this week in the pleasant, roomy old mansion that has been turned over for that purpose. Mr. Estee of California, and a number of others of our delegates were on hand to receive the guests, when it was discovered that not one in the party could speak Spanish and only one or two could speak French. The colored messenger was called into the conference and it was ascertained that he could speak a little Spanish. For a long hour before Mr. Romero, the Mexican minister arrived, the colored messenger was the sole means of communication between the delegates.

Handsomely, courtly Judge Estee is one of the leading spirits of the Congress, and, despite his amazing faculty for saying the wrong thing and at the wrong time, he is well liked by the visitors. The day of the reception, he made one of his customary mistakes. He alluded several times to a resemblance he thought was most striking, between Mr. Romero, the Mexican minister, and Mr. Pachero, who used to be in Congress from California. The resemblance he confidently assured the party was both physical and mental and extended to the tricks of manner. Now, Mr. Romero has spent nearly as much time in the United States as in Mexico, and he used to know Mr. Pachero, toward whom he bears much personal ill feeling. Mr. Pachero was notorious as one of the most incompetent and unimportant men who ever sat in Congress and his election was a disgrace to the election system in California. Mr. Romero forgotful Judge Estee, who if he had limited himself to the commonplace and indefinite compliments of the day would have better retained Mr. Romero's regard.

The train which to-day left the Sixth St. Station in this city is unique in the history of railroading. The excursion is one of the most important that has ever been made. It will last forty two days, and every provision for the amusement and comfort of the guests has been provided. The menu, the service and the baths are of a first class character and this hotel on wheels will rival the finest caravansary in the land. The impression upon the visitors cannot be over estimated. They will see fertile fields, wide stretches of the finest grazing lands in the world, smiling villages and the most tremendous manufacturing centers that the world has ever known. They will see wealth and prosperity under a form of government that many of them have been taught to distrust. They will learn the paramount commercial importance of this country. Such a party, met together for mutual benefit in peaceful Congress, is a triumph of modern civilization.

Somebody has taken the trouble to compute that the average consumption of salt per adult capita in this country is nearly fifty pounds per annum.

### The Potato Crop.

The forthcoming issue of the Farmer's Review will report that the potato crop of 1889 will probably exceed in quantity that of any previous year in the United States. The acreage is less than last year, but the conditions of growth have in general been very favorable, and there has been an unusual absence of insect enemies. The total crop is estimated at 233,700,000 bushels, which exceeds last year's crop by over 17,000,000 bushels.

### Forty-Six People Killed.

BURIED IN THE RUINS OF HOUSES DESTROYED BY A HURRICANE.

Rome, October 6.—A terrible hurricane has visited the Island of Sardinia. One hundred persons were buried in the debris of buildings shattered by the storm and thirty persons were killed. The province of Cagliari has been ravaged by a terrific storm, in which two hundred and forty houses were destroyed. Sixteen persons were killed and hundreds were injured. The town of Cagliari suffered severely.

### Not a Fair Deal.

Lancaster New Era.

Every time an office of any considerable importance becomes vacant General Hartant, of this State, is brought forward by his friends to fill the vacancy. Just now his name is mentioned in connection with the place of Commissioner of Pensions. General Hartant has been a gallant soldier and served his State faithfully and well in various capacities, and would no doubt make an excellent substitute for the garrulous Tanner, for he knows how to keep his mouth shut, but then Pennsylvania has many worthy sons who have enjoyed none of the honors or emoluments of public office.

### Enormous Ropes Made of Women's Hair.

From the Minneapolis Journal.

Speaking before a meeting of the Methodist ministers yesterday, Bishop Fowler told of a new heathen temple in the northern part of Japan. It was of enormous size, and the timbers for the temple from their mountain homes were hauled up to the temple and put in place by ropes made from the hair of the women of the province. An edict went forth calling for the long hair of the women of the province, and two ropes were made from these tresses—one 17 inches in circumference and 1,400 feet long, and the other 10 to 11 inches around 3,600 feet long.

### The New State Elections.

It is now settled that the Democrats of Montana have elected Toole Governor by about 800 and a majority of seven and probably nine on joint ballot in the Legislature, thus securing the two United States Senators. The Republicans elect Carter to Congress by about 1,200 and the other State officers are divided between the two parties, but the exact portion to each is not yet ascertained. The Republican majority for Carter for Delegate to Congress last November was 5,126.

Washington has elected an entire Republican State ticket and Congressmen by from 6,000 to 7,000 majority, with a large Republican majority in the Legislature that will elect two United States Senators. The Republican majority in Washington for Delegate to Congress last November was 7,371.

North Dakota has elected the entire Republican State ticket, including Congressmen, by from 8,000 to 10,000 majority, and a large majority of the Legislature that will elect two Senators. The Republican majority for Delegate to Congress last November was 11,489.

South Dakota has elected the entire Republican State ticket and two Congressmen by from 12,000 to 15,000 majority and a large majority of the Legislature that is to elect the two new Senators. The Republican majority for Delegate to Congress last November was 14,567.

The sum total of the October elections in the four new States is the Republicans about holding their own in three of them, and losing Montana where they had a large majority last November.

Sir Edwin Arnold lectured to the students and professors of Harvard College on Tuesday evening in the College Theatre, in Cambridge. His subject was the philosophy of the Brahmins, and in the course of his remarks he said that "In India, with its 200,000,000 inhabitants, there never occurs a marriage of inclination. Yet there are more happy marriages in India, more happy homes, more pure domestic relations than in any other part of the world." This statement delivered with great impressiveness, evidently staggered the audience, but the lecturer went on to fortify his assertion with facts.

J. M. ZIMMERMAN,

Near Collegeville, Pa.,

—DEALER IN—

Milk, Butter, Cottage Cheese, &c.

Vegetables in Season  
Pure milk delivered every morning to residents of Collegeville and vicinity. Butter and cheese delivered Wednesday and Saturday mornings.  
138p8m

MAGGIE MACGREGOR,  
DRESSMAKER,  
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.  
Will take work at home or can be engaged by the week.

**RUPTURE**  
—Thoroughly and permanently cured by—  
DR. J. B. MAYER, 383 ARCH ST.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA. Has at once, no operation or loss of time from his office. Cases pronounced incurable by others wanted. Send for Circular. CURE GUARANTEED. Office Hours 9 to 4.

Farmers in need of Phosphate for late seeding, may find advantages in going to L. B. Wismer, Collegeville. The Shoemaker Phosphates have for many years been extensively used, and were among the first introduced in this section, and have always held an enviable position in the estimation of our best farmers. A valuable article, so well known, cannot be questioned.

### Collegeville -- Greenhouses.

Bulbs, Plants, &c., for Winter Blooming.

Our Bulbs are Very Fine, and Prices are Lower Than Ever.

HARIS (Easter lily) bulbs, extra large, 40c; next size, 25c, each.  
HYACINTHS—Single red, white and blue, 8c, each; 90c. per doz. Double, red, white and blue, 8c, each; 90c. per doz.  
TULIPS—Superior mixed, 40c. per doz.  
CARNATIONS—Hines White, Grace Wilder (pink) and century (scarlet), extra large plants in pots, 25c, each; \$2.50 per doz.  
OXALIS—Dwarf red, a decided novelty and free bloomer, 15c. each. Large yellow, 15c. each.  
PRIMROSE—Chinese, nice plants, 20c. and 25c. each.  
BEGONIAS—New varieties introduced last spring, such as Diadem, A. Brunt, Argentina and Bertha Chateaucroquer, in 4 in. and 5 in. pots, from 20c. to 50c. each. These plants are worthy of a place in every collection. For description see catalogue mailed free.  
BEGONIAS—Thirty varieties of merit, from 8c. to 25c. each.  
GERANIUMS, 40 varieties, from 10c. to 25c. each.

An excellent assortment of Palms and other choice plants for sale at low prices.  
Visit the greenhouses and inspect the plants.  
HORACE RIMBY,  
Seedsman and Florist,  
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

### NEW DRESS GOODS!

Coat Cloths and Jackets.

FALL AND WINTER OF '89-90.

Howard Leopold's, Pottstown.

WE HAVE FOR SOME TIME BEEN RECEIVING from the Leading Importers of New York and Philadelphia, the Choicest Variety of High Grades of DRESS GOODS ever shown in Pottstown. Among them are:

Finest French Serges at \$1.25 and \$1.50, in Plain Colors, and also in Handsome Plaids and Mixtures.

Fine French Henrietta Cloths in all the New Shades, 62½c., 75c., 87½c., 1.00 and \$1.25.

Fine English Henriettas, a yard and a quarter wide, for 50c.—a bargain.

New Side Band Cloths.

New Cloths in beautiful combinations of colors in Stripes and Plaids.

New Shades in American Cashmeres. Pure Wool Filling, at 10c.

New Double Width Cashmeres, worth 25c.; at 22½c.

Elegant Styles in New Dress Gingham and Satens.

New Choice Cloths for Spring Jackets in Colors and Blacks.

We have the best and finest line of JERSEY COATS, for the prices, to be found in America. We had them made to order by a leading manufacturer, who makes both the cloth and the garments, and sells them to only large dealers and manufacturers.

Bottom Prices for Sheetings, Table Linens, Tickings and Towelings.

Howard Leopold,  
POTTSTOWN, PA.

### ANY FARMER

—DESIRING A GOOD—

PAYING MARKET STALL

Can now secure one in the Wissahickon Market House, Terrace Street, between Adams and Dawson Streets, ½ Square from Ridge Pike, Wissahickon, 21st Ward, Philadelphia.

WM. MCFADDEN, Proprietor.

### SALESMEN WANTED!

To canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock! Steady employment guaranteed. Salary and Expenses paid to successful men. Apply at once stating age. Mention this paper.  
CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY,  
30ct3m Rochester, N. Y.

### SCRAP IRON!

Cash prices paid for Scrap Cast Iron, delivered at the foundry: Machine cast, 50c. per 100; stove and plow cast, 25c. per 100; wrought scrap, 35c. per 100.  
ROBERTS MACHINE WORKS,  
16jun Collegeville, Pa.

### Watt & Porter,

DENTISTS!

415 SWEDE ST., Norristown,

Opposite Court House,

Perform Every Operation Without Pain.

Gas administered for Painless Extraction, 50 cents.

TEETH, - - \$6, \$8 and \$10.00 PER SET.

Before going elsewhere make it a point to visit us, compare our work, prices; see testimonials.

### THE LARGEST

Assortment of Goods!

EVER OFFERED IN

TRAPPE!

We are constantly receiving New Goods, and have the largest assortment ever offered before.

Dress Goods!

DELAINES, CHALLIES, GINGHAMS,

PRINTS, AT BOTTOM PRICES.

—OUR STOCK OF—

CLOTHS and CASSIMERES

Was never More Complete.

TABLE LINENS and NAPKINS, TOWELING, HOSIERY, GLOVES.

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS!

In Complete Variety.

Special Bargains in Ladies', Misses', and Children's Shoes. Men's

Fine Shoes! Men's

Plow Shoes!

Large Stock of Summer Hats!

Queensware, Glassware, &c., Linseed

Oil, Lubricating Oil, Paints,

Hardware, &c., &c.

GROCERIES:

Always the best. Choice Evaporated Peaches,

10c.; Prunes, 6c.; Canned Corn, 6c.; Canned

Tomatoes, 8c.; Raisins, Apricots, Currants,

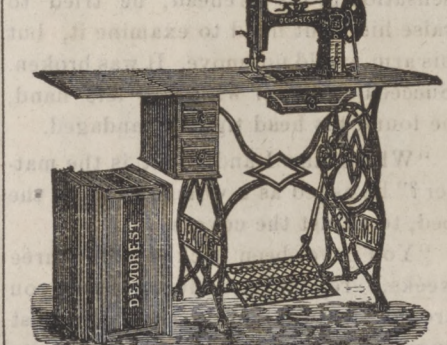
coconuts, &c., &c., &c. Headlight Oil,

12c. per gallon.

Beaver & Shellenberger,

TRAPPE, PA.

JUST THINK OF IT!



A DEMOREST SEWING MACHINE

FOR \$19.50.

(USUAL PRICE \$55.00,) with all attachments.

Money refunded if not as represented.

Direct from the manufacturers the

Snag - Proof Gum Boot!

No better made; every pair warranted to give

satisfaction. Full stock of

Freed's Celebrated Hand-made Shoes.

Our ladies' \$1.08 buttoned kid shoe has no equal.

Fine kid infant shoes only 35c.

DRY GOODS:

Remnants of Canton flannel, 2 to 15 yards,

only 10c. yd. Would cost you 12½c. if cut from

pieces. Calicoes of the best quality for quilting,

6c. yd. Fast color gingham, 4 yds. for 25c.

Cheviots, good, 4 yds. for 35c. 4 yds. toweling

for 25c. An elegant feather bed ticking, 15c. yd.

All-wool bed blankets, very cheap, \$2.35. Horse

blankets from 75c. to \$3.00. You should see our

35c. Cassimeres, half-wool. Quilting cotton, 10

to 15c. lb.

HATS AND CAPS.—Latest styles gents' stiff

and soft hats for fall and winter. An elegant

Derby hat for \$1.50. A good every-day wool hat

for 25c. Large assortment of neckwear, under-

wear, &c. A big drive in 28 inch umbrellas, 75c.

Zellersville hand-knit jackets are here at \$2.50

and \$3.00.

W. P. FENTON,

COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

GREATEST BARGAINS

—IN—

Store Goods!

EVER OFFERED IN TRAPPE.

Dress Goods, Muslins, Calicoes, Gingham,

Cheviots, Table Linens, &c. Cassimeres,

Cottonades, Gents' Furnishing

Goods! Hats, Caps, &c.

and the

Largest Stock of Shoes

For Men, Ladies and Children, of all kinds, to

be found in any country store, and in quality

and price we take the lead. Men's Brogans,

\$1.00. Shoes for Ladies and Men from \$1.25, up

to \$5.

### AT GOTWALS' STORE, PROVIDENCE SQUARE,

You will find just about what you want.

IN THE LINE OF STAPLE DRY GOODS

You can see over 200 different styles and qualities for Suits for Men and Boys, which will be made up to please any. Fit guaranteed. SATTEENS and GINGHAMS, PRINTS and LAUNDS, FOR THE LADIES.

Choice - Groceries - for - Everybody.

Favorite Sewing Machine. Save 50 per cent. by buying Sewing Machines at Gotwals' Store, Providence Square. I sell the Favorite, the best in construction and most easily operated. It runs very easy, and is adapted for

tailor work as well as for fine dresses. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. HARDWARE for the builder. A full line of the very best Paints, (a guarantee sold with every gallon,) and in fact anything you want from a needle to an anchor. Come all and examine our goods for yourselves. Yours very truly,

JOSEPH G. GOTWALS.

COLLEGEVILLE DRUG STORE.

GOLDEN BAKING POWDER. Strictly pure. Sold in bulk.

CHAMOIS SKINS. BIRD SEED IN PACKAGES.

We pack our own seeds and can supply you with the best in the market. Also

TOOTH POWDER: Whitens, preserves and strengthens the teeth and gums.

Strictly Pure Spices and Flavoring Extracts.

ANTI GASP MIXTURE. For the prevention and cure of gasps in poultry. Especially good during moulting season, invigorates the system and starts the fowls to laying sooner than without its use.

FOURTY POWDER. Cures cholera, roup and kindred diseases in poultry.

GRAY CONDITION POWDER. An excellent remedy for diseases of horses, cattle, sheep and hogs. Increases appetite, promotes digestion, kidney and liver. Purifies the blood, removes humors, restores health to the system.

JOSEPH W. CULBERT.

Did You Ever Experience Such a Thrill of Ecstasy

Over anything you had heard that you felt like rushing off and telling your friends? If you have ever found yourself in such a delightful situation you know about how a storekeeper feels when he has struck a big bargain and wants all his customers to participate in the snap. For instance, buying a thing worth a dollar and selling it for twenty cents.

We Have Bought Over Nine Hundred

Pieces of Jet and Dull Bead Ornaments for Coats, Wraps and Dresses. The lot also includes a great variety of Braid Ornaments. Every woman knows what these things are and about what they used to sell for. When you see this great stock, none of them higher than 20 cents a piece and some as low as 3 cents, you will almost hesitate to TRUST YOUR EYES. Some of these ornaments sold formerly for \$1 and over, and you'll say so as soon as you see them. Persons are often inquisitive and want to know how a dealer can reduce prices like this. We don't mind telling you in this case.

These Rich Ornaments are a Sampler's Lot!

They were kept so that jobbers might select from them, and are just as good and fresh as though they came from the original package.

Some women make their own WHITE APRONS. But not many will do so now since we have received a lot of 500, which we have marked at SEVEENTH CENTS. They were never sold before for less than a quarter. These are not samples, but they are immense bargains.

2230! This is the number of yards of No. 9 Gros Grain Ribbon, reversible, satin edges, that we are exhibiting. Window 78 is full of it. You know what such Ribbon is worth. It used to sell at 20 cents; now it's down to 12 cents a yard until the pile is exhausted.

NEW JERSEYS. NEW JERSEYS.

A special lot that we've been after for a month has just come in. There are 500 of them. They have plaid fronts and were sold at 85 cents. You buy them here for 57 cents.

Our Fall Display of Carpets is Ready! :-

May be you don't need a new carpet. Don't let that prevent you from seeing exhibition.



## Providence Independent.

Thursday, October 10, 1889.

TERMS:—\$1.25 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

This paper has a larger circulation in this section of the county than any other paper published. As an advertising medium the "Independent" ranks among the most desirable papers, having a large and steadily increasing circulation in various localities throughout the county.

It is the aim of the editor and publisher to make the "Independent" one of the best local and general newspapers in the county, or anywhere else, and to this end we invite correspondence from every section.

### PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.

We publish the following schedule gratuitously for the convenience of our readers. Passenger trains leave Collegeville Stations as follows:

FOR PHILADELPHIA AND POINTS SOUTH.  
Milk.....8.30 a. m.  
Accommodation.....8.03 a. m.  
Market.....1.10 p. m.  
Accommodation.....4.16 p. m.  
FOR ALLENTOWN AND POINTS NORTH AND WEST.  
Milk.....8.05 a. m.  
Accommodation.....8.11 a. m.  
Market.....3.20 p. m.  
Accommodation.....6.47 p. m.

SUNDAYS—SOUTH.  
Milk.....6.30 a. m.  
Accommodation.....6.48 p. m.  
NORTH.  
Accommodation.....9.44 a. m.  
Milk.....5.48 p. m.

Home Flashes and Stray Sparks

### From Abroad.

—Her cheek turned pale,  
Of red bereft;  
It was indeed no jest;  
Her cheek turned pale  
Because she'd left  
Its color on his vest.

—Don't powder!

—Jack Frost,

—And moonlight nights!

—The man who can husk 65 shocks

of corn in 10 hours will make the ears fly, soon.

—The gentleman who can "size up"

the newspapers of this county and contiguous territory, has expanded his chest and spoken. Yea, verily.

—'Tis a pity that some opinions do

not receive a wider circulation. If you have a pet idea see that it finds its way into the columns of your nearest newspaper.

—That's the way to become famous!

—If you have anything to sell, from a small lot to a hundred-acre farm, from a needle to a hay stack, from a hay rake to a four-horse wagon, from a sucking-pig to a 400 pound porker, or a horse, a mule, or a cow,

—Advertise in the INDEPENDENT! And you will never regret the investment.

—The party who visited the vicinity of Grater's Ford in quest of shellbarks, the other day, listened to the strong voice of warning and departed.

—C. A. Wismer, of Grater's Ford, was recently elected leader of the Reformed church choir, Trappe.

—The teacher of Fairview school, Worcester, has resigned his position on account of the disrespect shown him by the "big girls," it is said.

—New stock of blankets and whips at Johnson's, Providence Square. Good stock and low prices.

—A report of the Democratic Convention, Tuesday, will be found in the editorial column.

—Read J. D. Sallade's new advertisement.

—The School Board of Perkiomen township has placed a new and handsome ash box case in the grammar department of each school house.

—Warren H. Detwiler, of near Ironbridge, has entered Haverford College to complete his education.

—C. Rittenhouse & Sons, of Norristown, have completed fifteen large bell buoys for the United States government, for use on the coast.

—It is proposed to organize a School Directors' Association at the Montgomery County Teachers' Institute to be held at Norristown this month.

—The Penn Literary Society, Schuylkill, have recently added 40 books to their library, which now contains two hundred volumes.

—The teachers of Skippack have organized an institute with A. H. Scholl President, and J. R. Bergey Secretary. Meetings are held weekly at Ziegler's school.

—Harry Williams was arrested Monday in Potstown for highway robbery. He snatched a gold ring from Lydia Deoroff while she was walking along the street. He is now in jail.

—It is said that the Schuylkill Valley railroad will be double-tracked north of Phoenixville to accommodate the increased freight traffic in coal.

—The 175th anniversary of the founding of the Great Valley Presbyterian church, Chester county, will occur on October 25.

—Captain Jacob Trautman, aged 73 years, a pioneer canal boatman who followed the business on the Schuylkill and other canals for fifty-two years died at Potstown Sunday in comfortable circumstances.

—On October first, the Philadelphia Milk Exchange advanced the price of milk from 6 to 8 cents per quart.

—Thieves visited Joseph Tyson's residence, Skippack, Saturday night, and stole \$10 in money, a watch, and a few other articles. Access to the upper story of the house was gained by means of a scaffold used by the slaters in slating the house.

### The Courts.

The October term of our county's criminal court opened at Norristown, Monday, and the number of cases on the list for trial includes the usual variety of breaches of the peace, crimes, &c.

### Heard From.

The trotting horse shipped here from Kentucky last winter by Messrs. Ashenfelter and Anderson, performed very well at Elwyn, Delaware county, last Friday, winning a share of the prize awarded to the 245 class, and coming in a close second in the last heat which was trotted in 2:32½.

### Election for Pastor.

Last Sunday the Sacrament of the Holy Communion was administered at St. Luke's church, Trappe, by Rev. Dr. Super. At the close of the services an election for pastor was held, resulting in 95 votes for, and 8 votes against, Rev. James H. Steel, of Ohio, to whom a call has been extended.

### Every Friday at Alderfer's.

Dr. J. Bond Watt, the noted dentist, has decided after numerous requests, to re-open his office at Alderfer's hotel, Friday of each week. Dr. Watt performs every operation in filling the most sensitive teeth, or extracting, absolutely without pain.

### Farm Sold.

The small farm belonging to the estate of Isaac Rayson, dec'd of Limerick township, Montgomery county, about one mile northeast of Limerick Square, containing 19 acres and 36 perches, was sold at public sale on Thursday, to Ignatz Kern, for \$1950, or nearly \$1000 per acre.

### Arm Fractured.

Last Saturday morning Mrs. Ann Koons, of near this place, sustained a fracture of one of the small bones of her right arm, near the wrist. The lady was in the act of going up the terrace steps in front of her residence, when she slipped and fell. Dr. J. R. Umstad reduced the fracture.

### A Big Head.

The other day John A. Johnson, of Lower Providence, brought to this office a mammoth cabbage head, weighing no less than 16½ pounds. John thinks Lower Providence is ahead in the matter of big heads (of cabbage) and we think so, too. How about it, Isaac?

### "It Don't go Here."

A lot of rioting Hungarians were brought before a Phoenixville Squire lately. In examination of their conduct they pleaded that they were celebrating a christening and that a big drunk and a free fight were but customs of their country. "I know that," replied the Justice, "and so is cannibalism the custom of some countries, but it don't go here. Ten dollars each."

### A Novel Method.

A novel method has been hit upon by the trustees of the State Hospital for the Insane in Norristown to prevent brutalities on the part of attendants toward violent and refractory patients. It is a system of complex mirrors and shafts leading to the attic or top story, by which an inspector stationed there is enabled to observe minutely every act and motion of the patients and attendants in the wards of the first and second floors.

### Joined in Wedlock.

On the 2d inst., at the Baptist parsonage, Eagleville, by Rev. S. C. Dare, Mr. Charles E. Edleman, of Chester county, and Miss Emma E. Smith, of Montgomery county.

Miss Annie K. Anders, of Worcester, and Mr. Henry A. Merkel, of Fairview Village, were joined in marriage by Rev. W. S. Anders at the bride's residence on Saturday afternoon, October 5. The bride is the daughter of Joseph Anders, Jr., of Worcester township. Mr. and Mrs. Merkel are now on a short wedding tour.

### Improved.

Supervisor Cleaver deserves full praise for the very much improved condition of the Germantown pike, through Lower Providence. The work of repairing the same has been accomplished in an effectual manner, and the pike to-day is better than it has been for a number of years. Mr. Cleaver promises that the Norristown pike is to be put in similar shape. If we lived in Lower Providence we'd vote for Supervisor Cleaver next February, sure.

### An Indian Shot.

Wm. B. Logan, Jr., son of Wm. B. Logan of Yerkess, this township, left Norristown about a year ago and went to Colville, Stevens county, Washington Territory. He achieved notoriety at that place recently by killing a savage, known as Indian Andrew. The Colville Weekly Miner says Andrew while drunk entered the residence of Justice Montgomery, who was absent, and amused himself by shooting at Montgomery's boys. Mrs. Montgomery gave the alarm from a window, and Mr. Logan, who was passing, rushed to her aid. At the door he met the Indian with his rifle cocked. Logan grabbed the butt of the weapon and a struggle ensued, in which the gun was discharged and the contents, a 44 calibre ball, crashed through the head of Andrew, who had hold of the muzzle of the piece. The bullet after perforat-

ing Andrew's head penetrated two inch boards. No inquest was held, as the facts were so well known, says the Miner.

### Delegates.

The election of delegates to represent this district in Tuesday's Democratic Convention, at Norristown, was held at Dorworth's hotel, Trappe. On the first ballot Jacob Cook was elected and Henry Keeler and Daniel Walt stood tie, each having received 15 votes. Another ballot was taken, resulting in the election of Mr. Walt. Francis Zollers was elected standing committee. In the lower district Harry Geist and Heston Tyson were chosen delegates.

### "Jim Pachon" Dead.

Last Monday afternoon, when R. P. Baldwin returned home, after attending Allebach's sale of cows at Perkiomen Bridge, he found his bay stallion, "Jim Pachon," lying dead in his stall. Tuesday morning Dr. Gilbert, of Pottstown, and Dr. Spear, of Grater's Ford, conducted a post-mortem examination. Dr. Gilbert wielded the surgeon's knife with consummate skill, and in the course of his examinations imparted some interesting information for the benefit of the lookers-on. The stomach and intestines of the animal were found to be diseased to a considerable extent. The Drs. agreed that the immediate cause of "Jim's" death was "enteroperitonitis." Jim was a promising young horse until last spring, when he commenced declining. The animal was not insured.

### A Most Daring Robbery.

A daring highway robbery was committed in Norristown, last Thursday, on one of the most frequently traveled streets. Miss Laura Burling, a well-known society lady, was seized by the wrist by a burly ruffian, who grabbed her purse and ran. The lady's screams brought a number of persons to the scene, and the highwayman was captured after a chase of a quarter of a mile and the purse recovered. The highwayman gave his name as James Casey, and a pal, named Charles Bow-ers, gave himself up, confessing that he had planned the robbery. The men have been identified as two of the fakirs who did business at the Tri-County Fair. The rascals were provided with quarters in the county jail to await trial.

### They Mix Well, But Don't Mix Them.

Milk and water mix well, but don't mix them. Tarry longer with the cows, in feeding and milking them, and consume less time in manipulating the pump handle. The stream from the pump flows freely, more so than the milk, but the pump won't yield milk. You are not to blame for this, neither is the cow, neither is the pump. But when you try to make somebody believe that cows' milk isn't wholesome unless it is well mixed with water you will come to grief sooner or later. Dishonesty never did pay and never will pay, in the long run. If you want to lead a life honorable to yourself and those who come after you, you must act honestly with yourself. Then you won't need a cloak, nor you won't water your milk. Of late several instances have been brought to light where milk dealers have been prosecuted upon the charge of increasing their dairy products by the addition of water.

### Want to Withdraw.

At the last meeting of the Perkiomen Valley Building and Loan Association, held at Gross' hotel, this place, quite a number of members made application for their money, with a view of withdrawing from the Association. The furor of excitement in relation to Western securities and the fact that this Association has about \$20,000 invested in Kansas mortgages seem to constitute the reason for alarm on the part of some of the members. In conversation with one of the officers of the Association, we were told that the treasury will be fully equal to the strain to be imposed upon it, and that those who remain in the enterprise will finally reap a handsome profit upon their investments. Those who withdraw before the affairs of the Association are closed up, will receive only four per cent, upon the money paid in. At this time we see no valid reason for hasty withdrawal on the part of the members of the Association. True, some of the Kansas mortgages may be "wild-cat" in character, yet it is more than probable that the Association is well able to withstand all losses from that direction.

### From Grater's Ford.

Our townsman, Jacob J. Fuss, of the firm name of Fuss & Grater, met with a painful accident on Saturday evening last, which might have been easily much worse. He was on his way to the mill of S. H. Longacre. When descending the hill at S. S. Walts' wheelwright shop one of the back straps tore, letting the wagon run on the horse's heels, when he began running and kicking, throwing Mr. Fuss violently to the ground, causing some severe bruises about the head and limbs. He was caught at the toll gate in Ziegler'sville.

### Among the Strangers in town Sunday we noticed Mrs. Warren Koons, of Allentown, Serials Kline, of Philadelphia, who formerly lived at this place.

### A Handsome Catalogue.

Messrs. A. Weitzenkorn & Sons, Pottstown's clothiers, have issued a complete catalogue and price list, full of illustrations, of Fall and Winter Overcoats, for Men, Boys and Children. Among the cuts is a picture of A. Weitzenkorn, an excellent likeness; also a full sized view of their store. This catalogue will be mailed free upon application. Send your name and address upon a postal card to A. Weitzenkorn & Sons, Pottstown.

### About Western Mortgages.

EDITOR PROVIDENCE INDEPENDENT:—A is a farmer in the West. B is a banker or broker there. A requests of B a loan, to have in use for borrowing money. B assures A that he can let him have half the value of his property in cash by his giving a mortgage or trust-deed and paying the usual broker's commission, and brief of title. The money invested being Eastern capital. B then hands A a blank appraisement slip, with instruction to have his neighbors, who are supposed to be disinterested, appraise, upon oath, the value of his property, according to their judgment and belief. It is hardly necessary to remark that, every man is interested in the maximum price of land, and that every farmer is interested in booming it; and that for the services which A asks of his neighbors to-day, they may require of him like services to-morrow.

### Autumn Arbor Day.

In a proclamation issued Dr. E. E. Higbee, Superintendent of Public Instruction, designates Friday, October 18th, as Autumn Arbor Day. Among other things, Dr. Higbee says: "Let the schools, by repeated celebrations of Arbor Day, create such a general widespread feeling in this matter as shall make it impossible for the next generation at least to lay out or enlarge a hamlet, or village, or city, without having in view wide shaded streets and lawns, and parks, and embowered driveways, which will give so much additional charm to the beautiful scenery of our commonwealth."

### Personal.

Mrs. H. H. Koons, this place, is on the sick list.

Mrs. H. Alvin Hunsicker, of Philadelphia, is suffering from tonsillitis, at the residence of her father-in-law, H. A. Hunsicker, this place.

J. W. S. Gross, of the Collegeville hotel, is still confined to his room. His illness is of a typhoid character.

Squire B. F. Tyson, of Worcester, and Mr. R. F. Buckwalter, of Philadelphia, were in town Sunday, visiting Mr. M. O. Roberts and family.

Mr. John Harts' family, of Mont Clare, visited W. A. Vanderslice's family, this place, last Sunday.

Mr. A. A. Landis, the well-known restaurateur, of 822 Green street, Philadelphia, visited this section last Friday.

### Lyceum.

At the last regular meeting of Lyceum at Augustus Lutheran church, Trappe, on Thursday evening last, the following interesting program was rendered: Music, "Nearer My God to Thee," Lyceum; Recitation, The World for Sale, Mary Weikel; Music, The Broken Pitcher, Miss Alice Stauffer; Reading, Aunt Polly's George Washington, Miss Maggie McGregor; Selection—Instrumental Music, Mr. Jacob Gauauer; Social; Music, Supposing, Miss Stauffer; Recitation, Lost and Found, Miss Ada Schwenk; Recitation, I Wouldn't, Would You? Geo. Zimmerman; Selection—Instrumental Music, Prof. Jacob Markley; Essay, Success, Mr. Elmer Poley; Recitation, Old Dog Keeper, Olive May Custer; Dooology. There was quite a large audience present, and the performers did their parts well. The meeting was a very enjoyable one. The next regular meeting will be the anniversary of the Lyceum, of which due notice will be given.

### Jottings from Ursinus.

The lecture on "Lawyers, Good and Bad," held in the college chapel, was well attended. Long before the time appointed the people began to gather, and continued to do so until after the lecturer had begun. The lecture was far from what the people had expected. Taking all in all, it was a failure. The lecturer said that he was laboring under a disadvantage, as he came here from a sick-bed. This perhaps accounts for the lecture not making a better impression. The Society under whose auspices it was held will have another lecture some time in the future, and promises to try to give the community something more entertaining.

There will be another lecture held in the chapel on Tuesday evening, Nov. 12,—this time under the auspices of the Zwilling Literary Society. The lecturer will be Col. George W. Bain, of Lexington, Ky., whose subject will be, "Among the Masses." We need not say anything in regard to this lecturer, for he established his reputation here about four years ago, when he lectured on "A Journey to the Golden Gate."

The October number of the Bulletin was issued last week. This begins the sixth year of its existence. One of the most important changes is the subscription price, which has been increased to 50 cents. It is a valuable paper and the friends of the college could endure another raise of 25 cents sooner than do without it.

Prof. Peters has kindly consented to continue the talks to the Y. M. C. A., on the first Sunday of each month. He gave his first talk last Sunday afternoon. The subject was, "The relation of a student's work to the Y. M. C. A."

The second anniversary of the Ebrard (German) Literary Society, which was catalogued for October 25, has been postponed until November 22.

The following class officers were elected at the beginning of the term: Senior—President, A. H. Eberly; Vice President, G. H. Meixell; Rec. Sec., H. E. Kilmer; Treas., C. P. Kehl; Poet, J. T. Wagner. Junior—Pres., F. B. Miller; Vice Pres., J. Munton Mensch; Rec. Sec., I. F. Wagner; Treas., G. W. Filbert; Poet, H. T. Wagner.

A. H. Eberly, '90, spent Sunday with Rev. C. E. Wehler, at Blue Bell.

The following senior orations were delivered this week: "Our Colors," by H. E. Kilmer; "Instruments and Powers," by Will H. Loose.

### TOPSON.

Correspondence.

About Western Mortgages. A is a farmer in the West. B is a banker or broker there. A requests of B a loan, to have in use for borrowing money. B assures A that he can let him have half the value of his property in cash by his giving a mortgage or trust-deed and paying the usual broker's commission, and brief of title. The money invested being Eastern capital. B then hands A a blank appraisement slip, with instruction to have his neighbors, who are supposed to be disinterested, appraise, upon oath, the value of his property, according to their judgment and belief.

It is hardly necessary to remark that, every man is interested in the maximum price of land, and that every farmer is interested in booming it; and that for the services which A asks of his neighbors to-day, they may require of him like services to-morrow.

If A has paid government price, \$1.25 per acre it goes for saying; that as soon as he has filed his claim it is worth \$5.00 per acre, though he has done nothing but sign his declaration to possess and settle on the same. But if A has traded with a government settler, this value would be excessive in many instances, though the deed be made out and received for at \$10.00 per acre. This watering of deeds is not uncommon, and the face settlement of a deed is no index to the actual value of the property. A's 100 acres or quarter section, is termed a home-estate, so long as the eternal winds or the occasional cyclone permits the sandy soil, the shell of a shanty and the recorder's office to remain. A's improvements consist for the most part of a house 12x14, studding of hemlock and weatherboarding of pine. A few poles covered with fodder passes for a barn. A few rods of wire fencing makes the corral, on the south side of which the cattle warm themselves on cold winter days and nights. An hundred apple trees, two years old, switches that are destroyed by rabbits or killed by the severity of the first winter; a hole dug in the sand or saline soil till the hard pan is reached, and which holds water like a basin, answers for a well, and these are the magnified improvements upon which A asks for Eastern capital. A returns the appraisement slips to B, duly vouched and qualified to, setting forth that the improvements and property are worth probably \$200.00 per acre. B then forwards this appraisement to the Insurance, Trust, and Guarantee Company of (paid up capital, \$350,000). They forward it to some financial oracle in a rural district, with a glowing statement of Western mortgages paying 7 per cent, annually. They promise to credit a guarantee of interest and principal, and as an evidence of good faith and ability to proclaim a stock capital paid up—other wise—of \$550,000 and Western mortgages worth double their face value according to disinterested appraisers. The rural piqueon that is to be plucked is invited to investigate; to go West and see the country, meet the business men and the bankers, to know of his own knowledge, derived from personal observation and experience, that the virgin soil is fertile, is wonderfully productive and needs nothing but capital to make it a paradise. The oracle of the East goes West, is met by the banker and the board of trade, and with this vicious company is driven over the best roads; the favored districts of unfenced nature; the best improved by man; is returned to the town, wired and cabled, and excluded by the artifice of his host from becoming generally and truthfully informed. True, he has seen beautiful land that seems all out-of-doors as it stretches miles and miles away, only relieved by some butte, dug-out or settler's cabin. He has seen land near the county seat purporting to be that upon which his money and that of his friends is to be placed; he has the word of the broker for that, who later on may find it convenient to be mistaken. Some valuable properties have been visited, some valuable mortgages taken, but A's is not one of them. A's property is appraised, the mortgage is taken. A pays to B for getting the money for him for a term of years a commission that equals 5 per cent per annum; as the mortgage is for 5 years, the commission is 25 per cent. The broker takes as his commission \$400. A \$1500 in cash, and interest takes A's obligation for \$1600, with interest at 7 per cent, per annum. At the expiration of the first year, A or B for reasons pertaining to their purposes may pay the interest, but it generally happens that a begging request is sent to the mortgagee for leniency, with some such statement as that—the crops are poor, the chintz bugs bad, the drought severe, the season late and the frosts early, the family sick, a funeral expected, or some other excuse of the thousands ill that is liable to befall the farmer of the Western prairie. In the meantime A harvests and sells his first crop, and puts out another, and after that is cultivated into a prospect, he sells it for cash as it stands, (not for money, for that is a scarce commodity, but in trade. Then A moves on to a similar mission, and the place which knew him once, knows him no more forever. Interest and accrued interest on the early maturing mortgage fall due. The Insurance, Trust, and Guarantee Company of —, while business is good may pay the interest, but in the sweat and by the Company goes into the hands of a receiver, and the mortgages are informed that unquestionably the mortgages are good and the stockholders are requested to pay up their assessments. Straightway the mortgage proceeds to investigate or deputize an agent to ascertain the facts as to the actual value of his mortgage and of the land. His agent finds A gone, the land fallow or the crop sold, and therefore no attachment is available. The house dilapidated and no possibility of getting possession before the mortgage or trust deed can be foreclosed. This is the most universal method of securing a loan on western land, by which hundreds of Eastern capitalists, including those widows and orphans whose means are limited, are invited in the unfeeling, yet expressive language in a recent daily, "to come and take your d—d land —." No one is responsible. The land was appraised, the money was loaned on the credit of the appraisement, and the asserted statement of a company that it had so much capital as a guarantee fund; the great faith that is placed in a local financial oracle, who is always found in every mortgaged centre may have been misplaced, but no blame can be attached to him; he is honest ignorance of the value of land and of the value of the mortgage. The testimony of Western appraisers, they advise other people's money into the cold land lands of Nebraska, in the saline, sand, and soda lands of Kansas, the hard-pan, scrub-oak, malarial lands of Missouri. This is a truthful picture of the Western mortgage in the Eastern market, drawn by one who has witnessed and experienced the original reality.

There are exceptions. Sometimes the banker possesses personal knowledge of A's land, and being disposed to justice, conscientiously looks after an equitable mortgage; or A the appraisers are honest men, and do not swindle the lender. In that event nothing will be lost, and if the mortgage before closed, not only may the land at a forced sale fall to the mortgagee, but the stockholder, who has a real estate, may greatly inure to the benefit of the mortgagee as is known by

### "ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE."

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## Dentistry a Specialty.

Symptoms are tossing of the head, tongue rolling, drawing on one rein, frothing at the mouth, discharge from the nose and eyes, abnormal growths, &c.

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### GRAPE BUTTER.

Take off the stems and weigh them. Allow half-pound sugar to one pound of grapes. Skin them—boil the pulp until soft, then squeeze through a colander, add the skins, and as soon as they are tender put in the sugar and boil until it is of the right consistency. When you put the pulp on to boil, add a little water, just enough to cover.

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